

LOUISVILLE EVENING BULLETIN.

VOLUME 6.

LOUISVILLE, KY., TUESDAY EVENING SEPTEMBER 22, 1857.

NUMBER 303

EVENING BULLETIN.

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PRENTICE, HENDERSON, & OSBORNE,
THIRD STREET, BETWEEN JEFFERSON AND GREEN.

SUBSCRIPTION PRICES.—*In ADVANCE.*—Daily Journal \$10; Country Daily \$8; Tri-Weekly \$6; Weekly \$3; Evening Bulletin \$3 a year or 12 $\frac{1}{2}$ cents a week, if mailed \$5 Weekly Bulletin \$1.

ON CREDIT IN ADVANCE.—Country Dailies or Tri-Weekly for \$5; Weekly—10 $\frac{1}{2}$ years \$5; 2 copies 1 year \$8; 6 copies \$12; 12 copies \$18; 24 copies \$30 each. Weekly Bulletin \$1—copies for \$10.

Papers sent by mail are payable in advance.

The "Daily Country Daily," or Tri-Weekly is to be discontinued (paid in advance at the time subscribed for), the subscriber must order, otherwise it will be continued, at our option, until paid for and stopped, as has been our custom.

If not paid, it must be paid at the time of discontinuance, or at our option, partly is good, it will stand until paid.

Remainder by mail in "registered" letters, at our risk.

RATES OF ADVERTISING IN THE LOUISVILLE JOURNAL FOR ADVERTISERS.

One square, 10 lines, \$1 00 One square, 10 lines, \$1 00

Do, each additional in- 10 lines, \$1 00

sertion, 25 Do, three months, \$12 00

Do, one week, 2 25 Do, four months, \$15 00

Do, two weeks, 3 50 Do, six months, \$18 00

Do, three weeks, 5 00 Do, twelve months, \$25 00

Standing card, four lines or less, per annum, \$15 00

One square, changeable monthly, \$15 00

Do, do, do, three times do, \$10 00

Each additional square, one-half the above prices.

Advertisements published in intervals—\$1 for first insertion, \$10 for each subsequent one.

Advertisement Candidates—\$1 per week for each name.

Advertisements not marked will be inserted one month and payment exacted.

Yearly advertisers pay quarterly; all others in advance.

Real estate and steamboat advertisements, sheriffs' and commissioners' sales, proceedings, theatrical, circuses, or similar advertising, may be published by the year.

Advertisements for charitable institutions, fire companies, ward, and other public meetings, and suchlike, half-price.

Mariages and deaths published as news. Obituaries and funeral invitations as advertisements.

Editorial notices and communications, inserted in editorial columns and intended to promote private interests, 20 cents per line, these only inserted at the discretion of the editors.

No communication will be inserted, unless accompanied by the real name of the author.

Steamboat advertisements—25 cents for first insertion and 12 $\frac{1}{2}$ cents for each continuation; each change considered a new advertisement. Standing advertisements for regular packages, \$1 for each month, \$12 for one year.

Advertisements inserted only in the Evening Bulletin will be charged half the above prices; if inserted in the Journal, one-fourth the above prices.

Advertisers who keep on the inside of the Journal are charged an extra price.

ADVERTISING RATES.—*In WEEKLY JOURNAL.*—Each square (1 $\frac{1}{2}$ lines or less) first insertion, \$1 00

Each continuation, \$1 00

Advertisers continued in the Weekly Bulletin, if the same are inserted only in the Journal, will be charged for at the rate of 10 cents for each continuance; if not continued in Weekly Journal 20 cents.

Written notice must be given to take out and stop advertisements of yearly advertisers before the year expires, otherwise they will be done.

No contract of yearly advertisements will be discontinued without previous notice to us, nor will any charge be made for less than one year at the yearly rates.

TUESDAY, SEPT. 22, 1857.

MORE OF THE LOST STEAMER.—The steamer Central America was provided with six life-boats. Two were Francis's metallic boats, and the remaining four were fitted up with air tanks on the end and sides, and each of the six were capable of holding from 50 to 75 persons. She was also equipped with 600 or 700 life-preservers; but had no bulkhead partitions.

The New York board of underwriters have unanimously resolved to invite all persons having claims against them, on account of the "Central America," to present them immediately for settlement. This determination of the board is officially announced as follows:

We, the undersigned, underwriters on the treasure per steamer Central America, from As Winal to this port, in the present state of financial affairs, deem it proper to give this public notice that upon the presentation of the proper proofs, the claims against our respective companies will be properly paid in conformity with the policies, and when requested by the assured will be discounted.

The duplicate bills of lading will be received by the steamer due on the 25th inst., so that, in case of loss, the only inconvenience by those to whom remittances were made by this conveyance, and insured in New York, will be the delay of a few days in the realization of their means.

As to the foreign insurance, there is an arrangement with Lloyd to draw for three-fourths of the amount of gold shipped under the policy immediately on the report of a loss.

Probably two-thirds of the loss will fall on the foreign insurance companies, and the reclamation to be made for them will form a basis upon which to draw bills of exchange and thus stand as an equivalent for the shipment of specie to the same amount. The New York insurance companies will not lose over \$500,000, at the utmost.

The amount on board the Central America, it is believed, is confined to the shipment from San Francisco, reported by telegraph to be about sixteen hundred thousand dollars. The correctness of the report of a large shipment at Havana is discredited. It originated from a telegraphic dispatch that a certain amount had been sent from Havana by the Catawba, arrived at Charleston, another amount by the Central America, &c., summing up in the aggregate \$125,000. Now as shipments of specie for New York are not made by way of Charleston, as it would involve the payment of double freights and double insurances, it is inferred that the remittances by the Catawba were in bills of exchange, and, no express intimation to the contrary having been made in the dispatch, that those by the Central America are of the same character.

ALEXANDER SMITH.—This poet, who, in the heaven of some fancies, went up like a rocket a few years ago, is already coming down like a stick. The London Atheneum, in noticing his last volume, entitled "City Poems," unravels the loose web of his "genius" by drawing out the various stolen images, ideas, and expressions which constitute its woe. The thing is done without effort or pretension or the slightest show of malice, but it is done most effectually. The voluble jackdaw is completely stripped of his plumage.

The editor of the Somerset Democrat apologizes to his readers for not giving them more than a half sheet. He says that if they will overlook the deficiency he will try and not let it happen again. His readers no doubt will excuse him. "There," said a dutiful parent, after soundly thrashing his little son, "I'll give you the rest next time." "You needn't trouble yourself," whimpered the roguish youngster.

POLICE PROCEEDINGS.—*Monday, September 21.*—Otwell was held to bail in \$1,500 and remanded to jail to await trial at the next term of the criminal court.

HOGS.—Packers are offering for early November delivery \$6 50 and for hogs later in the season \$6 25. There are some who will not pay so high a price.

We have just found this beautiful production in our office, where it must have been lying a long time. We much regret the delay in its publication. We shall be delighted to hear again and often from the accomplished author. He has a noble genius:

[For the Louisville Bulletin.]

A MEMORY.
Inscribed to One Loved and Lost.

"I had a dream which was not all a dream." I saw the moon go down last night amid Ten thousand glorious stars. I saw the blue And pathless sea of heaven o'er-scattered far With its deep burning Isle of fire, and all The moonlit surface of the sleeping waves Was gorgeous with their trembling light. I stood Last night amid the grand, old trees again, Where I have stood on many a starry eve, In solitude apart, that I might dwell Amid the sad, sweet mem'ries of the Past. And thus I stood within the forest's gloom, And while the low-voiced wind went by and filled The shadowy aisles with echoes of its song, My heart went back to one such gorgeous night That looked with all its burning stars on buds And blossoms of a buried May. Alas! The full-orbed, lustrious moon looked down last night Upon a buried heart.

O, dark-eyed one! I saw thee in thy beauty's pride and bloom As when thou stoodst by me at starry eve Upon the blue Ohio's bank. The waves Went dancing at my feet and all the air Was faint with odors of the fresh young leaves And fragrant flowers. The sad, cold moon sank down Amid the wavy trees. O, white-browed one! I called thy darling name—I stretched my arms To thee! The low, sad wind gave echo back. I saw the fair gleam of flashing waves—Where art thou gone? alas! thou art not here now." Twas but the wave's low, mournful sigh.

I saw Thy sweet, sad face last night, but of thy broun Was cold and white as Parian marble is—I stood beside the couch of snow wherein Thy form of rare and matchless beauty lay—I kissed thy pale, mute lips—I called thy name, Thou darling of the earth. The echoing sigh Of moaning winds came like a shudder o'er My heart. O! then wert beautiful and fair At that cold, silent sleep. The small, white hands Were folded on thy snowy breast; thy dark And wavy hair with its bowld'ring swell Of midnight tresses swept thy spotless neck; A smile of beauty rested on thy pale, Sweet lips—they mute, cold lips,

Or art thou dead?

"Look up, my love, from thy still couch of sleep And calm this wild despair! Look up once more! Unveil the starry splendor of thine eyes—O loose the pearly gateway of thy lips, And breathe once more my name."

O, mad despair!

In vain, in vain—"Thou canst not hear the voice of he who calls to thee now. Thy lips move not! Why art thou dead, thou darling lips? Alas! I cannot give thee up! Why art thou dead?" The mournful wind gave back with hollow voice It should ring whisper, "Dead!" The bright waves flashed Along the starlit beach and murmured "Dead!" The tall trees shook their leafy plumes on high And sighed in mournful music "Dead!" The buds And flowers bowed down their fragrant heads and breathed In mournful eulogy "Dead!" The rustling leaves Grew tremulous with grief and echoed "Dead!" The forest-trees seemed draped in weeds of wo, And all the grand and starry scene—the winds, The waves, the leaves, the flowers, the bursting buds Breathed on the air their sad, funeral hymn And softly chanted "Dead!"

The cold, sad moon

Sank down behind the forest-trees. The stars Grew dim and faint and then they faded out Amid the rosy flood of morn—the day Came grandly o'er the hills.

O, bodied dream!

I dare not call thy scenes of horror back!

O, vision dire! O, dark, prophetic dream!

Yes, thou art dead to me! The grave of hope Hath closed forever o'er thy darling form!

Of nevermore thy voice of music, low

And soft as summer late, in tender tones

Shall fall upon my ear. Thy burning lips Shall nevermore be pressed to mine. Thy form Divine shall bless my eager sight no more.

And yet—O, God! forgive if this be sin—

I cannot tear thine image from my heart!

Thou art its idol yet, though years have flown Since first we met—since first we loved. In vain I cannot cast thine image out! I see The pale, sweet face in silent watches of The solemn night, and when the summer moon Looks down through leafy glories on the earth, The starry eye bend down their lustrous glance Of thrilling beauty on my soul. I hear The low, soft sighing of the rustling leaves And thou art near! The bright waves leap and sing Of thee! I see thy fair, young form when dreams Of rapture float around my couch! I see Thee when the morning dim and blare bursts o'er The fragrant earth. I see thee when the hot And sultry noon comes down, and when the soft And purple twilight gath'ret over all! I see thy sweet and gentle eyes look up With thrilling glance to mine. The days come back When thou didst nestle to my throbbing breast And thy soft cheek was pillow'd on my heart. I clasp thy peerless form once more—I kiss Thy lip, check and brow of snow—I press My lips in love's mad bliss to thine. O joy! Divine! Oh holy hours! Come back, come back! Alas! vain soul apart, as storm-tossed ships Are sunken far o'er ocean's heaving breast. "Farewell," thou loved and lost one of my soul! 'Tis hard to speak the word my trembling lips Must say! In other years O! think of him Who worshipped thee—not harshly but as one Who "loved not wisely, but well."

MIN-NE-HA-HA PLACE, MO., May 25, 1857.

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SENTENCED TO BE HUNG.—Wm. McAllister, the first settler and original owner of the land on which Albion, Orleans county, N. Y., stands, has been sentenced to be hung on the 23d of October, for firing the house of the county superintendent. McAllister is 78 years of age. He received his sentence with the most perfect indifference.

Among the patents granted last week was one to John McMurry, Lexington, assignor to Daniel Wiel, for improved mode of controlling cog gear set balance. Also, one to Julia M. Milligan, New Albany, Ind., for improved abdominal supporter.

BODY FOUND.—The body of George W. Bishop, who was recently drowned at Shippingport, was found Saturday at Dunkirk's, just below the city. Dr. Bryan, the coroner, held an inquest over his body.

SUPPOSED SUICIDE.—Yesterday the body of Thos. A. Brown was found upon the falls. He had been missing from the City Hotel about two weeks, and it is thought that he drowned himself. The deceased was an instrument maker by trade.

AWARDS BY THE MECHANICS' INSTITUTE.—The following additional awards have been made on articles exhibited at the recent exhibition of the Kentucky Mechanics' Institute:

To Tripp & Cragg, agents, for Chickering's grand and parlor grand Pianos, silver medal.

To Peters, Cragg, & Co., for best square Piano in competition, silver medal.

To Tripp & Cragg, agents, for Nunn & Clark's Pianos, diploma.

To Tripp & Cragg, agents, for Prince & Co.'s Organ Melodeon, silver medal.

To Pancost & Co., for Melodeon, silver medal.

To E. W. McDonald, for Refrigerators, silver medal.

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FIRES IN ST. LOUIS.—The Green Tree Brewery in St. Louis, belonging to Joseph Schrader, was burned Sunday. Insured for \$4,000.

The lumber yard of McIlvain & Baker was burned on Sunday night. Loss \$25,000. Both were the work of incendiaries.

The Manufacturing Company at Cannetton have over \$100,000 worth of their cloth now stored away in their warerooms at the factory, held for better prices, which the advance in cotton must soon induce.

Wm. Korre has been convicted in St. Louis of murder, for killing Philip Jacoby in February last.

FURTHER PARTICULARS OF THE LOSS OF THE CENTRAL AMERICA.

The Baltimore American, of Saturday evening, contains statements from several of the rescued passengers on the Central America. We condense from them the following interesting particulars. The first is taken from the statement of Capt. Badger, the most material part of which was given by telegraph:

A quarter of an hour before the steamer sank, one of our boats hailed us, and a voice cried that his boat was stove and he could not take any one on board. This boat was endeavoring to return from the Marine, but was disabled. It was doubtful the impression on board both the brig and the schooner that the steamer would be able to keep up until morning, hence they probably did not keep as near us during the night as they might have done. Indeed it was the opinion of many on board that we would hold up all night, and I did not think that she would go down before midnight.

At 10 minutes of 8 o'clock Captain Herndon took position on the wheel-houses with his second officer and fired rockets *downward*, the usual signal, to the brig and schooner that we were sinking rapidly. This was a fearful moment, and must have been also to the ladies on board the Marine, who understood the signal, all of whom had husbands and friends on board.

I now procured a board six feet long and six inches wide, tearing it off the front of a berth, and took my position on the taffrail, and held on to the after awning stanchion. At that time there were two or three hundred on the quarter deck, breathlessly waiting the final sinking. There were two seas swept over the deck about this time, the last one sweeping nearly all the passengers on the main deck into the sea. The ship immediately after, at 8 o'clock on Saturday evening, sank, going down at an angle of 45 degrees, stern foremost. The suction of the ship drew the passengers under water for some distance, and threw them in a mass together. When they reached the surface the struggle for life was intense, with cries and shrieks for help, especially from those unable to swim. Many unable to swim clung to those who could, or laid hold of the larger pieces of the wreck, which were soon swamped. In ten minutes not less probably than three hundred had sunk to rise no more, whilst myself and others who had succeeded in holding on to some means of support were scattered over the dark and dreary ocean, floating off with the tide. There was a large number of the passengers had bags of gold dust and some doubtless perished in their efforts to save it. I may also here add that from fifty to sixty of the passengers shut themselves up in their state-rooms in despair, and sank with the ship.

Those who had succeeded in keeping themselves afloat, soon scattered over the surface of the ocean for a distance of near a mile. One hour after the ship sank I saw a light at the leeward, which was seen by most of those rescued, supposed to be that of the schooner Sovereign, but it soon disappeared. We knew that the ships to leeward could not reach us, and turned our gaze in the opposite direction.

At 1 o'clock on Sunday morning we saw approaching us under full sail, with a strong breeze, the Norwegian bark Ellen; ran into our midst, and those on watch were astounded with terror of human beings. Capt. Johnson, the commander, immediately hove his vessel to, under short sail, and commenced to rescue us. The steamer at this time had been down over five hours. He launched his boat, and threw out ropes and buoys, and did everything that good seamanship and a humane heart could dictate to save as many as possible. I was the fourth one rescued, and witnessed the noble exertions of himself and crew throughout the night. He continued his search among the drift wood, taking backward and forward, up to 12 o'clock on Sunday, but did not find any one after 9 o'clock in the morning, and consequently relinquished the search at noon.

On the morning of Sunday the brig Marine was out of sight, and the schooner was some six miles to leeward, and appeared to be laying to, but soon bore away on her course, doubtless being satisfied that it was impossible to reach us, also seeing the bark backing and filling to windward.

The same day at 2 o'clock we spoke the bark Saxony, bound to Savannah; she reported seeing a brig with a number of ladies on board (supposed to be the Marine) under full sail steering North.

We bore away with a fair wind for Norfolk as the next port, and arrived off Cape Henry on Thursday evening, five of us reaching Norfolk in a pilot boat at daylight on Friday morning, which we had chartered for that purpose.

STATEMENT OF MR. WM. BIRCH.

From Mr. Wm. Birch, of the San Francisco Minstrels, whose wife is among the saved on board the brig Marine, and who was himself fished up by the bark Ellen after six hours' exposure in the water, we obtained some interesting particulars of the fearful experience which he has gone through.

The behavior of both passengers and crew, Mr. Birch and all with whom we conversed, describes as admirable. They were calm, orderly, and courageous, cheerfully obeying the directions given and promptly relieving each other in their efforts to keep the water down. The females on board were especially marked by that fortitude and presence of mind which are so often displayed by the sex in hours of great danger.

About two o'clock on Saturday afternoon a gladdening announced an approaching vessel. The flag of the steamer was set at half mast, and by Captain Herndon's direction guns were fired. These signals attracted the desired attention and soon the vessel, which proved to be the brig Marine, of Boston, bore down.

The gale was abating, and once on board the brig there seemed no doubt she would be able to get into port with ail. The boats of the steamer, two of which had previously been stowed or washed away during the gale, were got out, and by Capt. Herndon's directions, in the propriety of which the male passengers willingly acquiesced, the women and children were first placed in the boats. The greater portion of them were safely stowed in the two first boats and started for the brig. In the third boat Mr. Birch saw the first engineer, George E. Ashby, with three ladies who were last in leaving the ship. Another man jumped into the boat and Ashby ordered him out and threatened him with a dirk for not going. Mr. Birch was acquainted with Ashby and called to him to take him on board. He directed him to James Birch, United States mail contractor, who was on board. He went in search of his namesake, found him in his state room changing his clothes, told him the boat was waiting and immediately returned to the side. The engineer was then at some distance with a few persons on board. His leaving the ship was said to be in opposition to the Captain's orders, and was generally censured by the passengers.

The three boats were eagerly watched as they approached the brig, and a general feeling of joy was experienced when their passengers were seen safely transferred to her decks. Of the three boats that went off Mr. Birch saw but two return. As these approached the steamer a general rush took place to get in them. One boat was filled immediately and put off. Those in the other boat became alarmed at the rush and shoved off with about half a load. It was then about six o'clock in the evening, the brig had drifted to a considerable distance from the steamer, a heavy sea was still running, and, before the boats reached the ship on their return trip, darkness came on.

Nothing more was seen of the brig, and the hopes

of the passengers lately so elated by the prospect of safety gave way to despair. It was evident that no more efforts could be made before morning for the transfer of the passengers, and every moment the certainty increased that the steamer would float but a short time longer. A few determined men were still working with the buckets and barrels, but the major portion were disposed in different portions of the ship, fastening life-preservers on, securing themselves to pieces of boards, doors, etc. Still there was a wonderful degree of calmness and composure exhibited. The first premonitory sound of the sinking of the steamer was a heavy lurch, when a large wave struck and went over her. A good many were swept off by this; others seeing that the final moment was approaching jumped off, and were carried away by the drift of the sea.

Mr. Birch had tied a short rope to his arm, thinking it might be useful, and started forward to where a raft was in progress of construction. On the wheel-house he saw Capt. Herndon, still calm and self-possessed. At this time the most of the passengers were on deck, dispersed in different quarters, the greatest number perhaps being aft and upon the hurricane deck. Arrived forward, Mr. Birch secured a piece of board and stood ready for the final plunge. A second lurch drove another large number into the sea, and almost immediately afterward came a third lurch, and then the steamer settled rapidly, going down, as our informant described it, with what seemed the rapidity of an arrow from a bow. He was drawn down, down in the vortex caused by the sinking of the vessel, receiving two severe blows on the shoulder from what he supposed to be an iron bar. In the lightning-like thought of that fearful moment he gave up hope, but finally the downward tendency was arrested, and he shot up to the surface amidst a confused mass of struggling human beings, mixed with floating boards, parts of the hurricane deck, loose boards, and other light portions of the ship which had broken away from the hull.

Mr. Birch, in his return to the surface, had involuntarily grasped some boards, and, sustained by these, reached a hatchway, on which there were already three young men. He secured himself to this with the piece of rope, and with his companions watched for any sail that might bring relief. When he first rose to the surface, as far as could be seen and everywhere around were heard the shouts and cries of the hundreds who were struggling in the water for life. Gradually these subsided. Many, who had secured nothing to float upon, soon sank for ever; the others were separated by the force of the waves, and were driven off in groups. All, it may be presumed, were earnestly watching for relief, but during many anxious hours none appeared. Shouts continued to reecho from the different parties, who brought to their aid the Norwegian bark Ellen, Capt. Johnson, who hearing cries of distress rescued those nearest to him, and learning from them that others were still in the water, continued his search until 9 o'clock the next morning, at which time forty-nine persons had been rescued. He continued cruising around the vicinity until afternoon on Sunday, when, no more being seen, the Ellen bore away for Norfolk, the nearest point. The conduct of Capt. Johnson merits the highest praise. His action in coming to the aid of the sufferers was prompt, and the search was continued as long as a hope remained that another could be saved. His kindness to the saved was afterwards unceasing.

Mr. Birch lost everything he had on board except some money on his person. His wife very unwillingly left him and went on board the brig Marine, under the supposition that he would follow in a succeeding boat. Until that vessel arrives her rescued passengers must necessarily be under the impression that all on board the steamer were lost. Of the twenty-six ladies on board the brig, sixteen, it is said, have been made widows by this tremendous calamity. Mr. Birch, whose narrative we have given above, is well known in this city as formerly a member of Kunkel's Opera Troupe. He is now the guest of Mr. John T. Ford.

FROM THE STATEMENT OF OLIVER P. MANLOVE, OF WISCONSIN.

The bark continued to cruise about, and every hour we had the gratification of hauling on board others of our suffering friends. The night was dark and the sea running too high to send out a boat, and all that could be done was to throw out ropes and cruise around in the direction of the voices that would occasionally reach us crying for help. Thus myself and many others were saved. Daylight, however, finally came when nearly a dozen more were saved, R. L. Brown, of San Francisco, being the last one taken on board at 8 o'clock on Sunday morning. He had been just twelve hours at the mercy of the sea, and doubtless owes his life to the fact that he had on heavy clothing preventing his blood from chilling by the long exposure.

One of the passengers saved by the Ellen had struggled for seven hours in the water with twenty pounds of gold in wallets fastened under his clothing. He was a large and powerful man, and succeeded in securing a large piece of the wreck, but was still almost exhausted when brought on board. Another passenger saved forty \$20 gold pieces; but most of us had been compelled to abandon all our money to secure our safety, whilst it was torn from the possession of others by the violence of the waves.

An incident connected with this heart-rending catastrophe is said to be that the Captain of the Norwegian bark, sometime previous to finding the survivors of the steamer, was on his deck, and a bird flew in his face three times, when he made an alteration of three points in his course, by which he was made the happy instrument of saving the lives of 49 survivors.

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drifted to a considerable distance from the steamer, a heavy sea was still running, and, before the boats reached the ship on their return trip, darkness came on.

Nothing more was seen of the brig, and the hopes

of the passengers lately so elated by the prospect of safety gave way to despair. It was evident that no more efforts could be made before morning for the transfer of the passengers, and every moment the certainty increased that the steamer would float but a short time longer. A few determined men were still working with the buckets and barrels, but the major portion were disposed in different portions of the ship, fastening life-preservers on, securing themselves to pieces of boards, doors, etc. Still there was a wonderful degree of calmness and composure exhibited. The first premonitory sound of the sinking of the steamer was a heavy lurch, when a large wave struck and went over her. A good many were swept off by this; others seeing that the final moment was approaching jumped off, and were carried away by the drift of the sea.

Mr. Wm. S. Adams, Oregon Bar, Placer county; Mrs. Eliza G. Cornether, Tower Hill, Placer co., Cal.; Mrs. A. Pedding, Newburyport, Mass.; Eliza Smith, Tuolumne co., Cal.

The following are the second cabin passengers saved:

Mr. Wm. S. Adams, Oregon Bar, Placer county; Mrs. Eleanor O'Connor, San Francisco; Mrs. Jane Fuller, two children; Mrs. Jane Harris and child, San Francisco; Mrs. Ormifield Talton and her brother James Lewis Bennett, a child. Steerage passengers—Mrs. Athronson, Ureka; Mrs. Mary Swan and child, Nevada; Mrs. Mary Segur and two children, San Calaveriso; Mrs. Mary Ann Rudwell, Grass Valley, Nevada county; Mrs. Bailey, San Leander, Alameda county; Mrs. Caroline Shaw, of Volcano City, Amador co.; Mr. Roberts, Sacramento, Sacramento; Mrs. Henry Kimball, of Folsom, Sacramento co.; Mrs. M. L. Coy, of Sacramento; Douglass Butterfield, of Yuba co.; Joseph V. Chuller, of Springfield; Mrs. Glad, of El Dorado co.; Wm. Bliss, of Napa Valley; Gilligan Theats, of San Francisco; Thos. Bride, of Yuba co.; Alex. Gardner, James Gallagher, and Thos. Fryer, officers of the Central America; Geo. Ashley, chief engineer; John Black, boatswain; Finsley Frazier, quarter master; David Raymond, master; Robert Long, quarter master; Wm. Jackson, quarter master. See Jas. Clark, Richard Reed, Frederick Reed, Frederick Brougham, John David, son, James Travis, Edward Brown, Jas. McLean, and Edward Higgins. Firemen—Morgan Badgley, John Clark, Henry Hetherington, and George Stewart. Waiters—Michael Dwyers, Wm. Garrison, and Capt. Herndon's servant.

THE NATIONAL "TRISTESSE."—A very clever French writer is M. Gaillard, formerly editor of the Courrier des Etats Unis, and a gentleman well-informed, usually, on all subjects relating to the United States. But he thinks us a miserably doleful, melancholy people, and in referring to the recent suicide of Senator Rusk, he writes as follows—(we translate from the paper referred to.)

American civilization may be summed up, at the present time, in three kinds of monuments, which present it to the public view. These are the exchange, the bank, and the church. Do not erect a Morteau at the fourth corner of this frame—there is enough of melancholy without that. We need only wander on a Sunday, in the streets of Philadelphia or Boston, and observe, at the close of church service, the men and women walking in solemn files, with measured steps and in gloomy silence, to understand that they must regard life as a kind of interment, and it is for this reason that they quit it as easily. Take twenty beggars, French, Spanish, or Italian; give them the mansions with marble staircases, the curtained apartments and all the luxuries of an American merchant; give them his dollars on condition they use them as he does, live as he does and laugh only as he does, and in a few months these happy children of the sun and of poverty will be allowed to take again the gaity left at the bottom of their sacks; or else, by the end of a year they will cut their throats, by way of relieving themselves ("pour se desenayer.")

THE CONCAVE, CONVEX, and PERI-CONVEX PEBBLES; CONCAVE, CONVEX, CATARACT, PERIFOCAL, OPERA and MICROSCOPIC GLASSES; COLORED, FRENCH GRAY, and SMOKE, for informed eyes.

WE always have the largest assortment for all conditions of Impaired vision to be found in the market. In every case satisfaction warranted. Old frames refitted and repaired promptly. RAMSEY & BROTHERS, 43 Main st., second door below Fourth.

NOTICE.

Persons having left their Watches or Jewelry with me for repairing or indebted to me on account will please call on me at Ramsey & Brothers, on Main street, where I will be pleased to see my old friends and customers.

Sept 19 & 20 J. R. ESTERLE.

PICTURES and EYE-GLASSES.

CONCAVE, CONVEX, and PERI-CONVEX PEBBLES; CONCAVE, CONVEX, CATARACT, PERIFOCAL, OPERA and MICROSCOPIC GLASSES; COLORED, FRENCH GRAY, and SMOKE, for informed eyes.

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TRUNKS, BONNET BOXES, AND VALISES.
GREAT BARGAINS IN TRUNKS AT
J. H. McCleary's
NATIONAL TRUNK EMPORIUM,
Corner Main and Fourth sts., Louisville, Ky.

I would respectfully invite the attention of merchants and others visiting the city to my large and elegant assortment of TRUNKS, which I am prepared to offer at least TWENTY-FIVE PER CENT. LOWER than any other establishment in the city. My stock embraces a greater variety of Trunks than is kept by any other house in the Western Union. Many of the styles are entirely new and cannot fail to please those in want of Trunks both as to price and quality. The many advantages which I possess over other houses in the city, such as manufacturing my own boxes, finishing my own leather, and using my own materials &c., enable me to offer my trunks at much lower prices than any other establishment either in this city or Cincinnati. Merchants and others will be consulting their own interests by giving me a call before making their purchases. Orders promptly attended to. [May 26 d&wew&d&b]

A. J. HARRINGTON,
 No. 533 Market st., between First and Second sts.,
 Keep constantly on hand the choicest brands of

Havana Cigars
 AND CHEWING TOBACCO.
 Also, SNUFF, PIPES, and SMOKING TOBACCO.

A share of public patronage solicited. 26 j&b

NATIONAL Fair.

Persons who contemplate
 shooting fine stock of any de-
 scription at the approaching
 Fair will find everything des-
 ignated in our extensive SADDLERY and HARNESS ware-
 rooms of 29 Third st., between Main and Market.

VOGT & KLINK,
 MANUFACTURING JEWELERS AND
 Wholesale Dealers in Watches, Clocks,
 and fine Jewelry, at Eastern Prices, No.
 73 Third street, near Market, Louisville,
 Kentucky.

We have recently taken in setting Diamonds in all descrip-
 tions of Jewelry, and done with dispatch.

N. B.—Watches and Jewelry repaired in a very superior
 manner. 317 wj& d&b

COAL! COAL! COAL!

NOW IS THE TIME

TO LAY IN YOUR STOCK OF COAL FOR

THE SEASON! BEWARE OF A LOW RIVER, SHORT STOCK, AND HIGH PRICES!

We have just received a supply of Coal from SYRACUSE and GARDNER Mines, which, with our regular supplies of PHILADELPHIA and ST. LUCIA, make our assortment of COAL THE BIGGEST IN THE CITY. Our prices are uniform and AS LOW AS THE LOWEST.

Office on Third street, opposite the Post-office.

W. H. CRITTENDEN.

BANKING HOUSE OF
HUTCHINGS & CO.,
 Corner of Main and Bullitt streets.

We are receiving as one per cent. Tennessee currency the following Free State Banks:

Bank of Nashville, do;
 Bank of the UNION, do;
 CITY BANK, do;
 BANK OF COMMERCE, do;

THE BANK, do;

Bank of CHATTANOOGA, Chattanooga;

NORTHERN BANK TENN., Clarksville;

61 b&b D&C HUTCHINGS & CO.

REMOVAL.

We have removed our FINISHING and PIANO WARE-ROOMS to the corner of Main and Sixth streets, Reynolds's new block.

Entrance on Main street, also on Sixth, in rear of

Factory corner of Fourteenth and Main streets.

do b&b Jan 14 w- PETERS, CRAIG, & CO.

PETERS, CRAIG, & CO.,

PIANO-FORTE MANUFACTURERS.

Having increased our facilities, we are now enabled to turn out from ten to twelve Pianos per week. We would respectfully inform our wholesale and retail purchasers that we hope for the future to be able to supply the increased demand for our instruments.

We would respectfully refer to the fact, for the last five years, we have received the HIGHEST AWARDS when placed in competition with the Premium Pianos of New York and Boston.

Finishing and Piano Ware-rooms corner of Main and Sixth streets.

Factory corner of Fourteenth and Main streets.

14 w- PETERS, CRAIG, & CO.

RICH DRESS GOODS,

STAPLES & DOMESTICS

MARTIN & PENTON'S,

96 FOURTH ST.

ELEGANT SILKS:

Choice Highland Plaid Silks;

Deerstalker, Hunting Silks;

Small plaid and check Silks for children;

Handsome Irish Poplin.

CLOTH TOURIST

of the Eugenia, Edmonia, Empress, Laura, Boulevard, &c.,

of every shade

BROCHE SCARFS;

GALA PLATES;

FANCY MEALONES;

HEAVY SHAWLS;

HOOP SKIRTS;

SATIN FACED MELINO;

EMBROIDERIES;

ROYAL PLATES;

PRINTED DE LAINES;

FANCY HOSE;

STELLA AND CHENILLE SHAWLS;

KID AND OTHER GLOVES;

LADY'S PLATE OF FRENDS;

MOURNING GOODS, &c.

Our stock is now complete in every particular, and all we ask is a call from our friends to assure them of the beauty and cheapness of our assortment.

57 &b

MARTIN & PENTON.

Hallet, Davis, & Co.'s Premium Piano-

Fortes.

We have in our warerooms a large assort-

ment of the above celebrated instruments of all sizes and styles, beautifully finished.

For sale at low rates.

D. P. FAULDS & CO.

Importers and Dealers in Piano-Fortes and Musical Goods,

539 Main st., opposite the Bank of Ky.

Gold Medal Premium Piano-Fortes, made by Steinway & Sons.

We have a splendid assortment of the above celebrated Piano-Fortes, just re-

ceived. Call and see them at the ware-

rooms of D. P. FAULDS & CO.

Importers and Dealers in Piano-Fortes and Musical Goods, and Publishers of Music,

539 Main st., between Second and Third sts.

School Books at A. Davidson's.

A RITHMETIC—Davis, Colburn, Ray, Ring, Stoddard,

Tracy, Smith, and others.

GRAMMAR—Butler, Smith, Kirkham, Bullion, and others.

GEOGRAPHY—Mitchell, Smith, Colton and Fitch, Cor-

DEADERS—Goodrich, Webb, McGuffey, Sanders, Sar-

gent, and others.

PHILOSOPHY—Comstock, Parker, Jones, Gray, and

HISDOD—Goodrich, Pennoch, Frost, Davenport, and others.

GREEK AND LATIN—Bullion, Andrews, Anthon, Mc-

Clintock, and others.

SCHOOL BOOKS of every description, Copy Books, Stationery, Latin Books, &c.

For sale by A. DAVIDSON,

Third st., near Market.

COUNTRY Merchants are duly notified that it would be decided to the interest of themselves and customers to call and examine our very large stock of Fall and Win-

ter Hats, Caps, and Fancy Furs.

57 &b

HAYES, CRAIG, & CO.

The new style DRESS HAT of Hayes, Craig, & Co. is decidedly most stylish and at the same time the most comfortable Hat to be found in the fashionable world.

57 &b

LADIES' RIDING HATS. Some of the most elegant Riding Hats ever worn are now to be had of

HAYES, CRAIG, & CO.

Strangers visiting the city are invited to

call and examine our large assortment of fine goods, consisting of fine WATCHES,

elegant JEWELRY, and beautiful styles

of SILVER WARE, all of which were bought at the lowest cash prices, and we can guarantee to all those who wish to purchase.

JOHN KITTS & CO.

Sign of the Golden Eagle.

Main st., bet. Fourth and Fifth.

57 &b

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JOHN KIT

EVENING BULLETIN.

SUGAR MAKING.—The following article upon the manner of sugar making in the West Indies will, at this time, be found interesting to our readers. The interest now taken in the cultivation of the Chinese sugar cane makes all information upon this subject of importance:

As soon as the cane is fully matured it is cut and carted to the mill in quantities sufficient to commence the operations of grinding and boiling. A busy and cheerful scene ensues. The mills are set in motion by oxen urged on by the negro song; the canes are passed through the rollers; the rich white juice begins to flow, which is conveyed into receivers; negroes are employed in making lime-water, washing and cleaning the boilers, adjusting the "ormas," or moulds, and preparing fuel for lighting up the fires. The apparatus for grinding usually consists of three upright rollers of iron or wood, turned by oxen or steam, but rarely there may be found the horizontal rollers of Collings, improved by Bell and others. The canes are twice subjected to the action of these rollers, by which means they are nearly deprived of their juice; and the trash is carried away, spread upon the ground to dry, and afterwards used for fuel. The expressed juice flows from the mill, in gutters, into copper receivers, or clarifiers, which are generally two in number, and are placed over the flames. The caldrons, or boilers, are four in number, and are proportioned in size according to the power of the mill and the extent of the plantation. The boiler into which the clarified juice is first conveyed from the receiver is usually equal in capacity to the receiver itself, and on this estate contains 720 gallons. The second boiler is of about two-thirds the magnitude of the first; the third, three-fifths of the second; and the fourth or last boiler employed is of about one-half the capacity of the third. The boilers are set near to each other, in a direct line, the first two having separate flames, which are provided with dampers for regulating the draught and diminishing at pleasure the action of the fire.

A trusty man is employed to watch over and direct the whole operation of the mill. A part of his duty consists in seeing that all parts of the establishment and every vessel or implement is kept clean and in order. Without this cleanliness, an attempt to manufacture good sugar would prove futile. The rollers, mill-beds, and gutters for conducting the juice must be well sprinkled with lime whenever the work stops; and every morning and evening all the utensils must be washed with hot ley or lime-water, and afterwards rinsed with clean cold water.

As soon as the mill is put in motion, and a clarifier is filled with expressed juice, the fire is lighted up, and the process of tempering commenced. This consists in adding an alkali to the juice in such quantities as the practical knowledge or discretion of the operator may dictate. In general, about one quart of clear lime-water is used in 600 or 700 gallons of juice from old cane, and about double that quantity to that of new cane. In some plantations, however, the natural properties of the cane are such that no tempering is necessary beyond that produced in cleansing the boilers and utensils with lime-water.

As the juice in the clarifiers becomes heated nearly to the boiling point, the succulent matter separates, and rises to the surface in the form of a scum. It is then conducted into the largest caldron, where it is suffered to boil. The scum, as it rises, is carefully removed with a skimmer, and as soon as the juice in this boiler is so reduced by skimming and boiling that it can be contained in the second boiler, it is ladled therein. The same process is then continued in the second boiler as in the first; and if the color of the liquor does not then appear so clear as may be desired, more lime-water is added. If the froth raises in large bubbles, and the liquor is clear, it is considered to be in good condition. When the liquor is sufficiently reduced to be contained in the third boiler, it is transferred thereto, and so on to the fourth, where the fire is more intense. The last two boilers are kept full by constantly ladling the syrup from one into the other, and at the same time continuing the skimming. When the evaporation of the syrup becomes too violent, it is prevented from running over by beating it and breaking the bubbles with a large skimmer or wooden spatula. As soon as the "proof point" arrives, the fire is abated, and the syrup as rapidly ladled into a cooler, and the boilers immediately refilled. This point is determined by observing when grains of sugar begin to form on the back of the ladle when cooled, or when a thread of the syrup produced by the thumb and forefinger will break before it can be drawn beyond a length of half an inch.

Contiguous to the boilers are placed the coolers, which generally consist of large log troughs, or vessels formed of planks about ten feet long, five feet wide, and one foot deep. Two successive charges of syrup are conveyed from the last boiler into each cooler, and there left to remain until crystallization takes place, which usually requires but a few hours. The syrup or sugar is then transferred into the ormas, or conical earthen moulds, or more recently, into barrels or hogheads, which are placed over the molasses cistern and left to drip. In the course of twenty-four or thirty-six hours the plugs are withdrawn from the ormas or hogheads, and they are allowed to remain undisturbed for twenty or thirty days. The sugar is then removed from the moulds, and emptied on wooden platforms, and exposed to the rays of the sun until its color and texture please the operator. It is then assorted and packed up in casks for shipment.

The article manufactured by the foregoing process is known in Europe and the United States as "Muscovado," or brown sugar, and is the material from which white or loaf sugar is often made.

THE TRUE VALUE OF CHEMICAL ANALYSIS OF SOILS—By Dr. John D. Easter.—It is not long since the practical farmer sneeringly derided the value of book-learning and stubbornly resisted the interference of scientific men, in what he considered a purely practical business. But that feeling seems to have passed away, and even those who still refuse to acknowledge the value of scientific researches upon the composition of the soil, and its relations to the functions of vegetation, are not slow to avail themselves of the benefits which others derive from them. Indeed, we have reason to fear that scientific superstition has taken the place of scientific incredulity, and the farmer now expects as much too much from chemistry as he formerly expected too little. The result of these overwrought expectations is, naturally, disappointment, and the deluded farmer throws the blame of his failure on science, and is more than ever determined to adhere to his old ways.

I propose, in this paper, to consider the true use of chemical analysis of soils, and some of the requisites of a valuable analysis.

As it is from the soil that plants derive the principal part of their constituent elements, the presence in the soil of these elements, in forms in which they may be absorbed by the rootlets of the plants and assimilated in their cells, is indispensable to their perfect growth. Where the want of fertility arises from the absence of one or more of these constituents, or to their being locked up in combinations in which plants cannot use them, chemical analysis is perfectly competent to detect the cause of the evil and point out its remedy.

But the growth of plants is influenced by a multitude of other circumstances to which chemical analysis can furnish no clue. A soil may abound in all the elements of a very fertile one, and yet be perfectly barren. The soil of the great Colorado desert in California, which I have recently analyzed, furnishes a good example of this. It possesses in abundance every element necessary to extreme fertility, but is entirely barren from the want of water.

The reverse of this also frequently occurs. The chemist receives a specimen of soil, in the chemical constitution of which he can detect no deficiency, and, in his laboratory, he can assign no cause for its alleged unproductiveness. An examination of the locality probably shows him that it is underlaid by a stiff tenacious subsoil, which retains an excess of water, and no provision has been made for drainage.

The difference in the mechanical texture of stiff and loose soils is familiar to every one. The fertility of many stiff clays may be seriously impaired by ploughing too wet, rendering them tough and impervious to the tender rootlets of plants. In this case, as no chemical change takes place, the chemist, in his laboratory, would seek in vain for the cause of the difficulty.

Every attempt to improve the character of a soil

must therefore be preceded by a judicious consideration of its mechanical texture, its power of absorbing and retaining water, and its capacity for heat. Hence it is important that the agricultural chemist should, if possible, himself examine the locality, in order to fully estimate the wants of the soil. The employment by every State, of an agricultural chemist, who should visit in person every part of the State, is therefore to be strongly recommended.

In the next place it is requisite that an analysis of the soil, in order to be of much value, should be thorough. It must include separate estimations of the parts soluble in water and in acids, and the insoluble portion. For the portion soluble in water represents what is available for the wants of the growing crop, while the portion soluble in dilute acids in the index of what may by decomposition become the food of plants. This undecomposed portion of the soil may often, by the application of lime, ashes, and other caustic manures, be more speedily decomposed and rendered available.

The analysis should include also, if possible, the sub-soil as well as the surface soil, in order to guide the farmer in the process of deepening his soil. There are of late many advocates of indiscriminate deep plowing. But a fertile soil may be underlaid by a barren subsoil, by throwing up large quantities of which the fertility of a field may be destroyed for years. The subsoil not unfrequently contains large quantities of protoxide of iron, and other substances which are injurious to vegetation, until they have been subjected to the action of the atmosphere. On the other hand, the subsoil often contains elements of fertility, which are not so abundant in the surface soil, in which case deep plowing will improve both. It is important that the agriculturist should know these differences in order that he may know where he should plow deep and where refrain.

A still more important consideration is, that no analysis can be of any value to the farmer who is not himself a chemist, unless it be accompanied by a discussion of the indications it affords, and a recommendation of suitable means of improvement. Our agricultural journals and reports abound in analyses which are about as intelligible to the unscientific farmer as the inscriptions on the pyramids, or a chapter from La Place's Mechanique Celeste. Most of our intelligent farmers know that lime, phosphoric acid, and the alkalies play important parts in the economy of vegetation, but few of them have any idea how many of each of these valuable ingredients is requisite to fertility, or what are the best means of supplying their deficiency. Until every farmer is also a chemist, an analysis of a soil or manure which is not followed by a commentary on its defects or virtues leaves him just where the diagnosis of a disease, without a prescription for its relief, leaves the patient. He is no wiser nor better off than before. It will not do to presume that, when the chemist pronounces what a soil contains, the agriculturist will know what it ought to contain, and how to supply its wants. Every farmer should insist upon an interpretation of the analysis furnished by the chemist.

In conclusion, I would call your attention to the duty of the intelligent agriculturist to acquire a theoretical knowledge of so much chemistry as relates to his profession, that he may be enabled to judge for himself of the value of a substance from the chemical analysis of it, and also of the probable value of the analysis itself, for at least one half of the analyses which farmers daily pay for are absolutely unreliable and worthless. The agriculturist should also be able to judge for himself of the texture, moisture, and color of the soil, and the means within his reach of modifying them. At the same time, I would by no means advise that he attempt to become a practical chemist and do his own chemical analysis, as some persons of more zeal than judgment insist he may. I have pointed out the necessity for thoroughness in chemical examinations of the soil, and every one who has had only a few months' experience in a laboratory knows that a thorough analysis of a soil requires much time, great care and dexterity in manipulation, and a knowledge of all the disturbing influences and sources of error. This, few farmers have the time or opportunity to acquire, and few would for the sake of making the few chemical examinations they might in their lifetime require, be willing to devote to the study time which might be so much better spent in acquiring a practical knowledge of their own noble profession. Besides this, the expense of fitting up a laboratory would more than pay for all the analysis any farmer is likely ever to need. The many formulas which have been proposed for the use of farmers are therefore of very doubtful utility. Let every farmer make a laboratory of his barnyard, and carefully collect and employ all the liquid as well as solid manures within his reach, and if the chemist is not enriched thereby, his fields will be.

Report of the National Agricultural Society.

UNPROFITABLE FARMING.—I number myself with the readers of the Country Gentleman with pleasure, and think it is making a favorable impression wherever its influence is felt. Deeply sensible that farmers cannot afford to read anything not conducive to their interests, I hope I may be allowed briefly to intrude upon its space. Farmers are by no means an exception to the rule that thinking makes the great man, and it is to be feared many are falling into the fatal tendency that while they keep bright the plow, the mind, the God-given director of that instrument, without which it is useless, is left comparatively to rust in disuse. He is the successful farmer whose mind sets twice to the plow's once. The light of tenuity may be thoughtlessly followed, yet this is a dangerous path so far as not fully established by practice. The practical tendency of your paper is its attraction to me. The breezes it has raised in regard to manures, cattle, &c., have blown the dust from our eyes on those questions. But if the experience and observation of a life spent in studied intimacy with mother earth teach me anything, they admonish me that there is no *one* error in farming generally more productive of unprofitability than that leading to ruinous extremes. The farm on which they are practiced soon presents a sickly appearance. The picture, more or less perfect, pains my eyes in almost any direction I turn them. I will sketch it briefly. Whether the cause is traceable to unconscious error or shameful negligence, I know not. The evil consequences in either case are the same, and equally deplorable. A field is plowed, and kept in cultivation until the life-giving elements are almost exhausted. When it fails to produce almost any kind of a crop, a sprinkling of grass is perhaps thrown on wither and die, as it often does when the soil has been reduced to so feeble a state. On the other hand, when seeded with grass, after the grass is about all extinct, it is plowed again. Miserable crops of course for next two or three years. Although the primitive reason of this ignorance, it may arise from the high price of clover seed, or the cultivation of too much soil. An excess of acres is apt to occasion neglect. Neglect is sure to incur disiprofit—good farming only will pay in the end.

It has always seemed strange to me that farmers buy clover seed so sparingly and grudgingly, when clover has so justly established its claims as a fertilizer. Its renewing properties are really astonishing. I am satisfied that a farm can be made to produce good crops with no other fertilizer. It is the surest and cheapest. Let me ask you, gentle farmer, whose sickly acres bespeak this disease, is it prudent to hold fast to a dollar, when its yearly return would be five? How absurd and yet how consistent with the practice of too many. The manure made in yards and stables seldom meets the demands of the farm. When the insufficiency is not supplied by clover the farm and farmer equally suffer. What is the effect of this necessity? Poor crops, necessarily consequent on poor soil. Its principle is to take, but not to give. A deadly principle to the soil.

Let me speak to that man who is turning his soil the fifth or sixth time in succession. Is your soil good, my friend? Naturally, sir. Do you expect to secure a good crop thereof? Well, no, not very. Clover seed is so high I can't afford to buy it, and I have to do the best I can. In consequence my meadows also are very poor, for I can't break them up as soon as they should be. Here is the point. Can't afford it! Indeed, sir, you cannot afford to dispense with it. Every thing is ruinously out of order and behind hand. Your once fertile soil presents a sickly aspect for want of it. Can't afford it! Miserable plea. The voice of experience silences it everywhere. It carries you into the extreme where you cultivate, and also where you let rest the soil. Let me entreat you to forsake this practice. Cultivate, nor let your land lie over three years in succession. It requires rest, and vice versa. Such a course will insure good returns. Thus by plowing before the grass becomes nearly extinguished, the renovating properties of the roots and fibres are secured, thereby enriching

the soil. Three good crops of grain are now a certainty, and the soil will then be left fertile so that the grass seed when sown is sure to catch, and the prospects of a good meadow are not shadowed by an impoverished soil. How often is clover seed thrown away *in toto*, by endeavoring to seed a field that has been impoverished by five or six successive unprofitable crops. Profitable farming is within the reach of all. Success is possible. We ought to make it sure. If what I have said is in the least degree promotive of that end, my desire is accomplished.

Country Gentleman.

PORT OF LOUISVILLE.

SEPTEMBER 21.

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Superior, Cin. Freight, Pitts.

DEPARTURES.
Superior, Cin. Umpire, St. Louis.

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For Time from Eastern—200 bush. Brady & Davis; 140 rolls leather, C. Barbour; 8 bx tobacco, Nock, W. & Co.; 140 ginseng, J. Morris. Discharged 1,100 sacks wheat at New Albany, 600 sacks at Paducah, and 50 tons way frt.

Per Superior from Cincinnati—20 rolls leather, J. H. Ry. Bull; 52 bbls whisky, McElvaine; 30 bars and bds iron, O P

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